

THOS. DALE'S ROMANCE.

A Strange Character From Dade County in the City.

Last night there registered at the Merchant's Hotel in this city two men from Cane Hill, Dade county, Mo. Their names were Thomas Dale and Aaron Reynolds.

Dale is a large, ungainly looking man, and his snowy hair and beard betoken the seventy-nine winters that have sifted their snows upon him.

Two years ago his aged wife was taken sick and from the first there was but little hope of her recovery. This seemed to worry the old man and he began to want another wife at once. Finally, and but a short time before her death, he and his wife had a violent quarrel over the matter.

When she died, Dale, who was worth not less than \$40,000, began advertising in all that part of the country for a wife. After a while some young woman, loving lucre despite the nearly four score years of her proposed husband, accepted him and the two were married. She soon followed the first wife to the grave and the old man was quite as frantic as ever for another "woman." He had given his second wife \$3,000 and made a similar offer again. At length his friends, finding him absolutely insane on the female subject, had Mr. Reynolds appointed his guardian. Dale was taken to the Nevada asylum and kept there eleven days, when the physicians stated that confinement would soon kill him and he was taken back home to Cane Hill and his property restored to him. He again immediately began to advertise for a wife and his guardian once more took charge of him and his valuable estate.

Last Saturday he and Dale passed through town en route to Fulton, but the authorities at the asylum there refused to take the old man in.

This morning, after spending the night at the Merchant's, he and his guardian left for home.

Old man Dale, accompanied by Reynolds, attended the blue and gray encampment here. It seems that Dale was very anxious to see Governor Francis, but was disappointed.

On the subject of women he is as loony and love-lorn as the craziest youth in the land and yet he is only seventy-nine years old.

SUICIDE IN COOPER COUNTY.

A Prominent Farmer Mysteriously Takes His Own Life.

Yesterday's Booneville Item contains the following account of the suicide of one of Cooper County's most highly respected citizens:

Yesterday in the early afternoon, the community was startled by the announcement that John Schirholz, a respected and wealthy farmer, living about two and a half miles south of this city, was dead, he having been found in a coal shaft near his residence, with the arteries in both wrists cut. All kinds of rumors were afloat and the exact facts hard to obtain until after the coroner's investigation, which proved the facts to be that Mr. Schirholz, who had been in a state of melancholy for some days past, had started about 8 o'clock a. m. to the field where his sons were at work. He never arrived there, however, having wandered away to the land of a neighbor, upon which was situated an abandoned coal shaft. Just what happened there, no one knows, but at the coroner's inquest the fact developed that he had severed the arteries in both wrists with an old pocket knife and had either jumped or fell into the coal shaft. This shaft is sixty feet deep and completely filled with water, about three feet from the top of which is a cross beam and upon this beam the lifeless body was found.

Mr. Schirholz was about sixty years of age and in his death Cooper county loses one of her most prominent and respected citizens.

A DREADFUL FIND.

Charleston, S. C., July 28.—At Aiken, S. C., the well known winter resort, a horrible discovery was made yesterday. A number of colored boys were rabbit hunting in the northern suburbs of the city, when the dogs left the trail and began scratching in some newly upturned earth. A few minutes scratching brought to light a human skull. Alarm was given, and further search brought up the decomposed body of a boy which had been hacked to pieces and buried in a sack. Examination proved it to be the body of Mathew Johnson, 15 years old, who had disappeared the latter part May. He had on several occasions run away from home and his father, Adam Johnson, threatened to kill

him if he repeated the offence. He ran off again in May and his father beat him severely. He disappeared immediately after and was not heard of again until yesterday. Johnson has been arrested and is in jail.

NOLAND CASE.

Motion For a New Trial Overruled by Judge Burgess.

Jefferson City, Mo., July 28.—[Special.]—Judge Burgess overruled the motion for new trial in the Noland case this morning and fixed the bond at \$3,000. An appeal will be taken to the supreme court.

The case will be heard by Division No. 2, (criminal division) probably October next. On overruling the motion, Judge Burgess considered the affidavits at considerable length. The charges of drunkenness on the part of one juror and prejudice on the part of others was carefully examined and the conclusion was reached that the state had offered sufficient evidence in rebuttal to outweigh the testimony of the defense. The fact that one of the jurors had a bottle of whisky was discussed. The liquor had not been used improperly but for medical purposes. Judge Burgess said that he had earnestly endeavored to give Mr. Noland a fair trial and believed that he had done so. The defense had not offered sufficient evidence to warrant the court in setting aside the verdict of the jury. There are yet two cases against Mr. Noland and some deposition will be made of the same tomorrow but just what, cannot now be said.

ANOTHER ELLIS.

He Married Once Too Often and Was Caught at it.

Finley, O., July 28.—During a trial here to-day to test the validity of a mortgage it was brought out in evidence that Peter S. Williams, widely known throughout Northwestern Ohio as the principal lumber dealer, was leading a dual life and that he was keeping up two separate establishments, one in this city and the other in Fostoria, only fifteen miles away.

To many people his home was supposed to be in Fostoria, where he has a wife and two children, while to others he was considered a Finley man, who has a house and wife here, where he has been living for the past two years. The wives knew nothing of this double life, as his business kept him on the road much of the time, until financial reverses, growing out of this mode of living, at last brought him into court.

Williams was present in court this morning when the case was begun, but the officers could not find him this afternoon and he is supposed to have fled the city, leaving his wives and creditors to settle his affairs as best they can. Both ladies are young and handsome, and presumably innocent of Williams' real character.

McElree's Wine of Cardui

and THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT are for sale by the following merchants in FETTES COUNTY.

August T. Fleichmann, Sedalia.
W. E. Barl, Sedalia.
Morris & Hale, Sedalia.
O. N. Smith, Sedalia.
R. T. Miller, Sedalia.
Druckel Bros., Beaman.
Ardler & Co., Danksburg.
Andrew Stand, Dumpsell.
W. Ed. Crawford, Galky.
C. W. Barick, Georgetown.
J. S. Beam & Son, Green Ridge.
C. W. Leabo, Green Ridge.
H. A. Longan, Houstonia.
Penquite & Snoddy, Lamonte.
Overstreet Drug Co., Smithton.

A PRACTICAL JOKER

Clarksville, Ark., July 30.—It now turns out the wild man of the swamp who has been terrorizing the entire section of country about Hartman, ten miles west of this place, for three weeks past, and who has been described in these dispatches, is someone who thought more of the fun than the character of it.

The matter has been worked till the parties are located, and it is definitely ascertained that one of three or four young men is the shameless wretch who stood on the fence along side the railroad track clad only in nature's garb, while the entire community was out en masse searching for some imaginary wild man, was too funny, and his wild enjoyment of it created suspicion. This is the report to-day from Hartman. If it is correct there will be fun of a different character when the Grand Jury meets.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SAW THE SLAVIN FIGHT.

M. Quad Converses With a Countryman at the Ring-side for the "World."

New York World.

When I went over to Hoboken the other night to see Messrs. Slavin and Kilrain do their little specialty a young man of about 23, who said he was from Hawkins Center, came sliding along up to me to tell me his story. He was a farmer's hired man, poor, but honest. While confidence men, burglars and gamblers were raking in the hundreds and thousands with scarcely an effort, he was plodding after the plow or handling the hoe sixteen hours a day for such a low salary that a dish of fried clams seemed as far off to him as the year 3000. He had heard that there was to be a ruction and he had determined to be there, and there he was.

"I had \$10 saved up," he continued, "and it took me two weeks to make up my mind. I could not buy a pair of them yaller shoes, a linen duster and a straw hat, and have \$3 left for the Fourth, or I could come here to-night. What would you have done?"

"I hardly know."
"Yaller shoes is awful stylish in the summer and a feller in a linen duster allus looks to be a big man."

"Yes."
"I'd a bin the only feller in out neighborhood with a Mackinaw hat worth a dollar."

"Yes."
"And I could have come to town on the Fourth and busted around all day and had some change left."

"Yes."
"But on the other hand," he went on, "I wouldn't have been here to-night. Mr. Slavin and Mr. Kilrain are real mad sin't they?"

"I hear so."
"Bin sassing each other, and neither one will take it back? No danger of their making up, is there?"

"No."
"They won't hang off and call names, and say they could lick each other if they hadn't a sore finger or the toothache?"

"Hardly."
"Will they walk right out and spit on their hands and swat each other as hard as they can?"

"Yes."
"Won't be any kicking, biting, or pulling hair? If Mr. Slavin gets Mr. Kilrain down, he won't give him two minutes to take it back in, will he?"

"No."
"Then it's all right. I never had but one fight, and then the feller got me down and bit me in the knee. Do you think yaller shoes any more stylish than black ones?"

"That's a matter of taste."
"Yes, I s'pose so. So's linen dusters. You sin' obliged to wear 'em to be stylish. Do you think this will be much of a Fourth of July?"

"I haven't heard of any great preparations."
"S'posin' they do have a big time. S'posin' I did have \$3 to spend? Would I take as much comfort out of it as I will in tellin' the boys to-morrow all about this fight? There'll be a b-rnful of 'em all day, and I'll be a bigger man than our supervisor. I'm not goin' to wish I hadn't come—not by a jugful! Then you really think Mr. Slavin will swat Mr. Kilrain right in the nose, do you?"

"Yes."
"And Mr. Kilrain, he'll see that we are all looking on, and he'll want to do something, and he'll bat Mr. Slavin in the left eye. I'm glad I come."

I saw him once during the contest. He sat with his feet braced, his hands grasping the chair, and his face as pale as paper, and every time a blow was struck he dodged as if it had been aimed at him. When all was over I ran across him at the door, and he said:

"Ge whittaker I but wasn't it exciting! I'd rather see this than to have all the yaller shoes, linen dusters, Mackinaw hats and Fourth of July in the hull United States!"

TO THE PUBLIC.

Caddo Mills, Texas, June 5, 1891.—From my own personal knowledge, I can recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for diarrhoea and flux. It is the best medicine I have ever used and the best selling, as it always gives satisfaction. A. K. SHERRELL. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Aug. T. Fleischmann, druggist.

—The population of twenty counties of Southwest Missouri in 1890 was 251,045. At the taking of the census in June 1890, the population of these counties were 376,101, a gain of over 50 per cent in ten years. Yes, Southwest Missouri is a new Missouri—a new state of itself. Put your ear to the ground and hear us grow.—Carthage Democrat.

SAMPLES OF COURAGE.

Not Only Those Who Face Six-Shooters Possess It.

What is true courage? People don't half know.

Two men facing each other with six-shooters, calmly and steadily awaiting the signal to fire. Is that courage? Some think it is; but I do not. I would not do it.

An orator standing alone before a surging multitude, fearlessly uttering words which may goad them to fury—such words as "pants," for instance. This is courage; but how many think it?

But fighting men and orators in the matter of courage are not the peers of gentle woman.

Harry Earnliffe was engaged to marry a sweet girl who loved him for himself alone. She had one peculiarity among others, and that was a horrible superstition regarding the number thirteen. She would never sit down to a table where covers were laid for thirteen. She would never sit down to a multiplication table that had "thirteen times" in it. She was just as superstitious as that. She was twenty-five years old, and for years had refused to be twenty-six; because twenty-six is twice thirteen.

One day Harry, who well knew of this peculiarity in his betrothed, came to her with dismay and hope struggling in his countenance.

"Oh Gertrude! Gertrude! O my Truly!" he exclaimed. "Is your horror of the number thirteen as strong as ever? Speak, darling! Is it? Is it?"

"What has happened, Harry? Tell me!" she cried, her face blanching slightly, as something within warned her not to answer the question.

"My uncle has just died," said Harry, "and—left me thirteen million dollars, and—here hope struggled with dismay again—"and I didn't know but perhaps you would want to break off the engagement."

She smiled like a June morning.
"Harry," she said, "my own Harry. When your happiness is at stake I cannot falter; and as she took him in her arms hope ceased to struggle with dismay forever more."

That is where self-negating courage showed up strongly in a lady. But the quality even exists in children.

"Willie!" said I to my little boy. "If you tear that book I shall whip you." The little fellow gazed at me with a quiet smile, opened the book and tore out pages five to ten, inclusive. And Willie is but three years old.

Courage! The yellow dog possesses it. The unthinker might say that the appearance of the yellow dog does not denote courage; but it does. It takes genuine courage for the yellow dog to make his appearance.

Courage among the lowliest of the lowly! Even the worm will turn, will he not, some time? I do not know that he ever has yet.

Courage! It exists even in inanimate objects. The gentle flowers will shoot if told to go to pot; and there is plenty of grit in common brown sugar.—Morris Waite, in Puck.

HER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Nobody Could Guess It, and It Proved a Strange Revolution.

The women of New York society are in many cases accomplished in very old ways, and a party of men the other night passed an interesting quarter of an hour in recalling some of the uncommon talents of their feminine acquaintances. One handsome young woman was an adept in blowing the coaching horn; another was a very successful carrier of cnyx; one of the most sedate young ladies in town danced a clog to perfection; a dutiful and beautiful wife made all her husband's trout flies, and her husband was renowned as a successful fisherman; a rather slim and wiry girl, famous for her waltzing, was a scientific boxer, and could give her clever brother a breezy four-round battle; a lady who rode in the park each day occasionally showed to her friends in the country how she could stand on the back of a cantering horse; a fair mermaid of Newport could smoke a cigarette under water; these, and a half hundred other wondrous performances were told of women by the men that knew them, amid great applause.

Finally, a young fellow who had been listening lazily to the conversation spoke up in drawing tones, and the attention of the company became riveted upon him.

"I knew a far more extraordinary girl than any you have mentioned once upon a time," said he. "She was the sister of a classmate of mine at college. Bitch, I think. Very swell. Blonde girl, tall and straight and jolly, for I used to go rowing with her when I visited 'em up the river. Pull a powerful oar, too, and was clever other ways. One of her talents, though, was certainly remarkable. I never found it out until I'd known her for three weeks. Never paraded it. Seemed to take it as a matter of course. When I did hear of it at last I spoke to her father about it, and he agreed with me that it was a very rare accomplishment in a girl. Not that it was especially needed in women, but there were emergencies when it might come into play. I was rather struck with the charm of the thing. In fact I rather clinched the good opinion I had already formed of the girl, and I asked her to marry me. The wedding will be in two months."

There was a pause. The speaker apparently went into a reverie that he had no intention of disturbing. Finally a howl went up.

"Well, what is the wonderful accomplishment of this girl, Billy?" Billy roused himself, and looked about at the faces of his friends.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" said he. "Why, she can cook."—N. Y. Sun.



Girls.

By HELEN EMIN STARRETT, in The Forum.

"Thousands who are now in shops and other organized industries would really prefer work in homes, if only the heavy, grimy, malodorous, clothes-dropping work of cooking and laundering were not required and expected of them."

Well—if this is true there's a good time coming for girls and the mistress too; for women (by millions) are coming to know, that Pearline saves the clothes on your back as well as the clothes in the wash; the paint on your walls—the sheen of silver—the lustre of glass and reduces the labor—drudgery—health breaking—temper and comfort wearing work of washing and cleaning to almost nothing.

Besides—the girl—the mistress—or both—are better satisfied with the results. It cleanses—restores original colors—but hurts nothing, not even delicate skin—luxurious for bathing—he among the bright ones and use Pearline.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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DEERING MOWERS

DEERING BINDER TWINES

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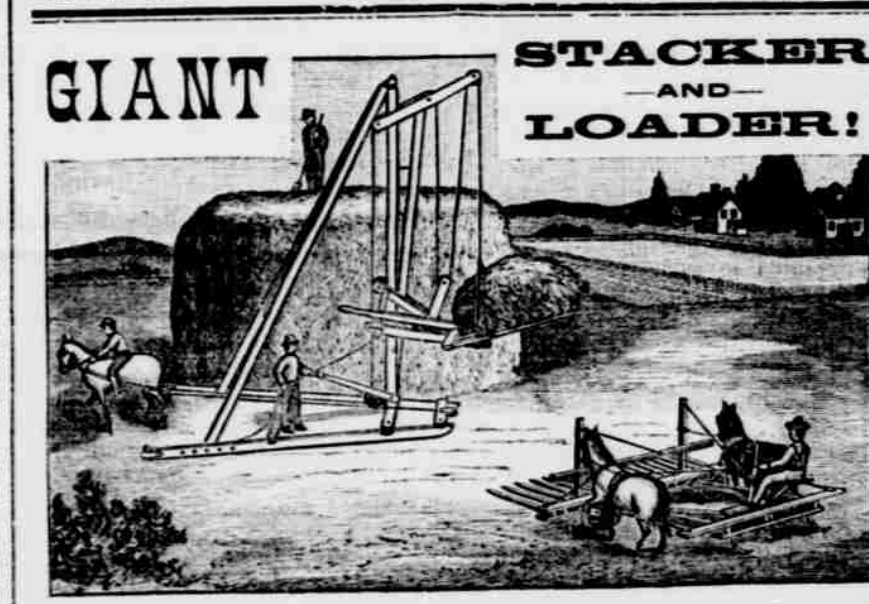
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